

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending last Saturday was

5,700

copies, the largest circulation of any daily paper in Vermont outside of Burlington.

LaFollette will run—away.

With 150 years back of it, Bennington is a lively old town and ought to be good for quite a spell longer.

This is circus week in London, with the "big show" under the Westminster Abbey roof. The many thousands of Americans, who are bound to be disappointed, can come back and see good old Buffalo Bill.

President and Mrs. Taft would receive the whole world if they could to-day, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. And they may rest assured that they have the best wishes from the world of people who know of the glad event.

During the past few days Boston, people have been able to appreciate how they might feel if a fleet of hostile airships should descend on the city from out the clouds of Europe and begin hurling bombs on the Sacred Cod and into the cowpaths of the city. The demonstrations of flying on Saturday were really marvelous and far surpassed the efforts from the Squantum aviation field last summer. Everyone feels that progress is being made in air navigation.

The warning of the Vermont state board of health to beware of smallpox, which is epidemic in the province of Quebec is timely and all right enough, but dodging smallpox is about as easy as skipping out of the way of lightning if the proper quarantine is not maintained in the epidemic territory. However, there is a chance for the health authorities along the northern border (if there are any stationed there) to keep a watchful eye on the people coming across the line, especially at the railroad points of entry.

Burlington, like Rutland, will "enjoy" a higher rate of taxation this year. The rate in the city by the lake was jumped from \$1.70 to \$1.75, while that in Rutland went from \$1.90 to \$1.80. Burlington has our sympathy and will pardon the observation that life in Rutland this year is worth officially just five points more than it is in the Queen City.—Rutland News.

Several Vermont municipalities have been adding to their rate of taxation during recent years; but that is not particularly surprising since they have enjoyed very low rates heretofore and have not been beset with demands for large expenditures. At the same time, there is need for careful supervision of expense accounts to avoid the necessity of further increase. Many a community gets careless of this matter because of long periods of low tax rates with the attendant feeling of security. The tendency is toward extravagance always, and that must be checked.

SHARING EXPENSE OF GRADE CROSSING CHANGES.

An effort is being made in the Massachusetts legislature to pass a bill which would exempt cities and towns from all assessment in the matter of abolishing railroad grade crossings, it being proposed to divide the town's share between the railroad company and the state. To exempt the cities and towns from all expense does not seem to be right, since the cities and towns are certainly the gainers from having danger points removed; the abolishing of grade crossings is more or less of a local betterment, and as such should be shared by the smaller unit of population. Heretofore and for twenty-one years Massachusetts has had a law which apportions the assessment among three corporations, just as the Vermont law does, the railroad being made to pay sixty-five per cent., the state twenty-five per cent., and the town or city ten per cent., the percentages being identical with those provided in the Vermont law. Compared with the burden which the railroad and the state have to pay, the purely local assessment is very light indeed. In fact, if the proportion were to be changed at all, it would seem more reasonable to add to the percentage which the town or city has to pay and to reduce the state's proportion. But the proportion already established has been found to work well in Vermont and without great objection from the towns and cities. Massachusetts towns and cities are, as a rule, richer than the local communities in Vermont and are in better position to pay a ten per cent. assessment. Hence, it does seem that the towns and cities there are trying to dodge their responsibility in the bill which has already passed the House and gone to the Senate for concurrence.

Current Comment

Too Many Colleges.

Newspaper discussion of the more cordial relations that it is hoped may be promoted between the university of Vermont and Middlebury college with the advent of the university's new president, are timely and proper, of course, but they cannot fail to remind us of the mistake of our ancestors in attempting to make two colleges grow and flourish where even one would find it hard to live.—St. Albans Messenger.

Sympathy for Steve Bowles.

Steve Bowles, the "gentleman from Woodford," disappeared for ten days recently, when it was reported he had followed after a circus down to Troy. One can readily sympathize with Steve. Having served time in the legislature, the attraction of a three-ringed performance, with real orang outang, striped zebra, rubberneck giraffe, painted clowns and pink lemonade was simply irresistible—especially in Troy. Steve came back all right, and alarm was unfounded.—Randolph Herald.

Letting the Public Know.

The Monitor wonders if the Boston & Maine railroad will make any public announcement of the summer train schedule before the change takes place heretofore no announcement of the changes has been made and even upon inquiry at the local station information could not be had 24 hours in advance of the change. One brakeman told the writer he did not get his notice of change of time until after it took effect. If the railroads do not care to publish their timetables it would seem that they might announce intended changes and not inconvenience scores of people as was done last year. At least it would seem wise to make it possible for a newspaper to find out what the changes were to be so it could inform the public on its own look.—Barton Monitor.

Conservation of "White Coal."

The Free Press yesterday emphasized the possibilities of creating numerous artificial lakes after the manner of Lake Lamolille and Lake Mansfield for the development of water power as well as the attraction of tourists by fishing facilities afforded. It may be helpful in connection to note what our neighbors of the Empire state are doing in the matter of water power.

State ownership and control of its water power, with short-term leases to power users at annual rentals, are favored by Governor Dix, and he has so informed the legislators who are drafting the bill providing for a state conservation commission.

Governor Dix argues that, with the completion of the enlargement of the Erie and Champlain canals, New York state will offer cheap transportation facilities, and in order to attract manufacturers from outside the state, should sell power at as low a figure as is deemed advisable. Some legislators have thought the power ought to be leased to the highest bidder.

The governor is of the opinion that the leases should run from ten to twenty years, but that the state should hold the water power rights in perpetuity.

It will probably be a long time before Vermont comes to seriously consider state protection of water power, owing to the almost unlimited opportunities for creating artificial lakes as vast storage reservoirs. What we need to do is to enact whatever legislation is necessary to encourage the creating of such storages of white coal as feeders for our streams.—Burlington Free Press.

WEBSTERVILLE.

A lecture on Socialism by Frank Hoffman, lecturer and writer of Chicago, Ill., will be given near the Websterville post office, Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

The Mistake Made by Young

men is this, that they fail to put away against the days of their need and weakness the margins of saving which their strong years supply.

National Life Ins. Co. of Vt. (Mutual). S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence building, Montpelier, Vt.



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 When all Nature blooms."

"Never trust people who pretend they have no joy in their new clothes."—Kenneth Grahame.

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Here are suits in tone and tints that harmonize with the whole color scheme of June. Price from \$10.00 to \$35.00. A special this week at \$20.00 in "Blue Mist," the new shade.

Hat bands and neckwear to carry out the harmony.

Interwoven hose in all colors.

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 The Big Store with Little Prices.

Jingles and Jest

The Uplifter.

The people's reading nowadays is nothing but frivolity. I'm doing all I can to raise it's literary quality. To editors I send my stuff. Explaining what I am to do. They chuck it back in manner gruff. A thing I think it shame to do.

For I am giving them a chance To build their reputation up. The art of writing to advance (And boost their circulation up). Yet—pardon slang—they throw me down With insolent impunity; Indeed, they seem to scowl and frown At me—their opportunity.

Ab, well, if editors will not Accept the things I proffer them. But keep on printing all the rot That many others offer them; If to be short of fame and pelf My literary fate it is I still can read my stuff myself And tell myself how great it is! —Puck

Lonesome.

"Say, Marie, how did the show go on the road?"
 "My dear, an awful frost. Why, in one town a boy in the gallery wanted his money back because he was afraid to stay up there alone."—Judge.

The Wail of the Cat.

My master's off to seek the woods,
 My lady's on the ocean.
 The cook and butler fled last night,
 But where, I've not a notion.
 The tutor and the boys have skipped,
 I don't know where to find them.
 But tell me, do they never think
 Of the cat they've left behind them?

I haven't any place to sleep,
 I haven't any dinner.
 The milkman never comes our way;
 I'm growing daily thinner.
 The butcher and the baker pass,
 There's no one to remind them,
 O, tell me, do they never think
 Of the cat they've left behind them?

The dog next door has hidden bones,
 They're buried in the "arey";
 The parrot's boarding at the zoo,
 And so is the canary.
 The neighbors scatter, free from care,
 There's nothing here to bind them;
 I wonder if they ever think
 Of the cats they've left behind them?
 —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cooks of Yesterday.

We've had Irish cooks and German,
 We've had Dutch and Finnish too;
 We've had husky cooks from Norway,
 And of colored cooks a few;
 We've had Swedish cooks and Danish,
 Yet they rarely stay a season—
 Always leave before their time.

We don't own a "fireless cooker"
 That will almost do a roast,
 But we have had "cookless" fires—
 And that's not an idle boast!
 Often on a snowy morning,
 In the cold gray of the dawn,
 Something mars my peaceful slumbers,
 And—I know that cook has gone!

When I fain would deeper nestle
 Underneath the cosy down,
 That's the time I have to hustle
 For my breakfast into town!
 It is then I sometimes wonder,
 As I hurry on my way,
 If it's true, the things they tell us
 Of the cooks of yesterday!

What became of all those wonders—
 All the "jokes" of yesterday—
 Whom I've heard that once secured,
 Never dreamed of going away?
 Time, you know, can make a difference;
 Later on, perhaps, we'll say,
 "No more faithful cooks like Della
 And her kind—of yesterday!"
 —Judge.

The Problem

to be solved in choosing a bank is how to get the greatest security for your deposit. If, with that security, you can also get good advice and sound judgment on banking matters, you have the ideal bank.

We offer these conditions to our depositors.

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OF BARRE

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Barre, Vermont.

OPEN MONDAY EVENINGS FROM 7 TO 8 O'CLOCK

A GRIM VISITOR

By F. A. MITCHEL

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I was sitting in a restaurant in Naples with several American friends talking about the cholera.

"This cholera business is merely a scare," said one. "Besides, why fear death? We must all die some time."

"That for death!" said young Thornton, snapping his fingers. "I'm going to live to be a hundred."

A singular looking fellow came into the restaurant and sat down at an adjoining table. I could not make out that he was of any especial age; he might have been thirty or fifty or a hundred and fifty. Yet there was something about him that made him look prematurely aged. His eyes were set very deep in his head and glistened like those of a wild animal in the dark.

He was so thin that one could almost see the junctions of the bones of his face, and his clothes hung about him in huge folds. He had evidently heard Thornton's boast, for he fixed his eyes on him in a way that made my blood run cold. Other of the younger members of the party who sat with their backs to the newcomer perpetrated jokes about death. Every word on that subject seemed to excite the stranger's ire until he was flushed into a fury.

"My friends," he said presently, "you who condemn death do not realize what you are talking about. You should have seen such sights as I have seen. Were any of you in a battle?"

We all stared at the stranger, tongue tied. No one of us claimed to have seen anything of war.

"I was at the battle of Gravelotte," he said, "and advanced with an attacking party of Prussians. If you had seen that white pall that I threw over the faces of those who were struck you would not laugh at death."

"You threw over their faces?" I asked, puzzled.

"Then at New Orleans," the man went on without noticing my remark, "you should have seen the British coming up in perfect formation against the Kentucky hunters. Here, there, everywhere the redcoats sank down in their tracks!"

"Do you refer to the battle of New Orleans, sir?" interrupted one of our party.

"Yes, sir, I do. But battles are nothing. Take the great plague that swept London. Two men were walking before me on Chesapeake. I touched one by way of attracting his attention. He paled and sank down in his tracks. A party were drinking in an ale house without the town limits. As I looked at one of them he threw up his hands, with a groan, I went out into the street and saw the people burning barrels of tar. I laughed at them."

"Do you mean, sir," I asked, "that you were in London at that time?"

"My friend, when have I not been when men and women and children were struck down by this something you call death? In the days of ancient Rome whole communities of Gauls who rebelled against the Roman authority were butchered. They had been; they were not."

It was evident to most of us that the man was a lunatic. But we did not communicate the thought to one another. Each of us was spellbound no less by his strange talk than his weird personality.

"But even these stricken barbarians, so far as numbers are concerned, were but few in comparison with those this thing you sometimes call the reaper has cut down at one time. There have been portions of the earth that have sunk into the sea swallowing up a hundred times the number of the greatest butchery."

"When?" I asked.

"When? What knowledge have you of the little planet on which you live beyond a few thousand years? The time of which I speak was forgotten 10,000 years ago."

"Tell us," I asked, "your nationality. You speak English as if you are Anglo-Saxon."

"English! I speak every living and every dead language. I am a citizen of the world. I am always busy. At this moment I am resting preparatory to a great work."

"When did you come to Naples?"

"Yesterday at noon."

We all shuddered. At 12 o'clock the day before the first cholera patient had died.

"Will you remain long?"

"My stays no human being knows."

Our June Sale

It will pay you to buy your summer goods now during the month of June.

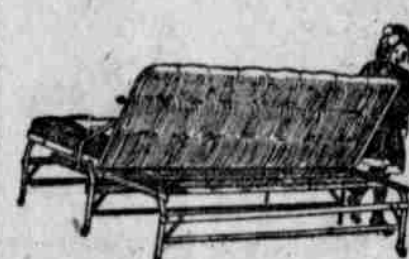
June sale Muslin Underwear, Corsets, Ladies' House Dresses, Children's Dresses, Muslin Waists, Silk Waists, Summer Coats, Linen Suits.

Remnant Sale To-day!

(See counter in rear of store.)

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What a Bank is For

It is the purpose of this Bank to provide a safe place for the deposit of money by those having the desire to SAVE, and upon sums so deposited to pay a fair rate of interest—the present rate is 4 per cent—and in every way to encourage wage-earners to save something from their earnings and to teach the value and the desirability of saving. We pay all taxes on all sums of money deposited with us.

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